Hot. Come *Kate*, thou art perfect in lying downe,
Come, quicke, quicke, that I may lay my head in thy lap.
La. Go, yee giddy goose.

The Muſicke playes.

Hot. Now I perceiue the Diuell vnderſtands *Welſh*.
And 'tis no maruel hee is ſo humorous,
By'rlady hee is a good muſician.
Lady. Then would you bee nothing but muſicall,
For you are altogether by humors;
Lie ſtil, ye thiefe, and heare the Lady ſing in *Welſh*.
Hot. I had rather heare, Lady, my breech howle in *Iriſh*.
La. Would'ſt haue thy head broken?
Hot. No.
La. Then bee ſtill.
Hot. Neither, tis a womans fault.
La. Now God helpe thee.
Hot. To the *Welſh* Ladies bed.
La. What's that?
Hot. Peace, ſhee ſings.

Heere the Lady ſings a Welſh ſong.

Hot. Come, Ile haue your ſong too.
La. Not mine in good ſooth.
Hot. Not yours in good ſooth? Hart, you ſweare like a comfitmakers wife, not you in good ſooth, & as true as I liue, and as God ſhall mend mee, and as ſure as day:
And giueſt ſuch farcenet ſurety for thy oathes,
As if thou neuer walk'ſt further then *Finsbury*.
Sweare mee, *Kate*, like a Lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath, and leaue in ſooth,
And ſuch proteſt of pepper ginger-bread,
To veluet gards, and Sunday Cittizens.
Come, ſing.
La. I will not ſing.
Hot. Tis the next way to turne taylor, or be red-breſt teacher: and the indentures be drawne, ile away within theſe two houres, and ſo come in when yee will. *Exit.*
Glen. Come, come; Lord *Mortimor*, you are ſlow,
As *Hot* Lord *Percy* is on fire to goe.

By

By this our Booke is drawne, weele b
And then to horſe immediately.
Mor With all my heart.

Enter the King, Prince of Wa

King. Lords, giue vs leaue, the *Princ*
Muſt haue ſome priuate conference, bu
For we ſhall preſently haue need of yo
Iknow not whether God will haue it
For ſome diſpleaſing ſeruice I haue d
That in his ſecret doome, out of my bl
Heele breed reuengement and a ſcour
But thou doſt in the paſſages of life,
Make me beleeue, that thou art onely
For the hot vengeance and the rod of
To puniſh my miſ-treadings. Tell me e
Could ſuch inordinate and low deſire
Such poore, ſuch bare, ſuch lewd, ſuch
Such barren pleaſures, rude ſociety,
As thou art matcht withall, and grafte
Accompanie the greatneſſe of thy blo
And hold their leuell with thy Prince
Prin. So pleaſe your Maieſty, I woul
Quite all offences with as cleare exc
As well as I am doubtleſſe I can purg
My ſelfe of many I am charg'd withal
Yet ſuch extenuation let me beg,
As in reproofe of many tales deuiſde
Which oft the eare of Greatneſſe nee
By ſmiling pick-thankes, and baſe new
I may for ſome things true, wherein m
Hath faulty wandred, and irregular,
Finde pardon on my true ſubmiſſion.
King. God pardon thee, yet let me
At thy affections, which doe hold a w
Quite from the flight of all thy anceſt
Thy place in Councell thou haſt rudely
Which by thy yonger Brother is ſupp
And art almoſt an alien to the hearts